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POETRY.

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge—to act—to view;
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose tho'ts beyond their ways ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish—no impulse—to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream, not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that gold can purchase more
Are gauds it is no loss to lose!

Some beings wheresoe'r they go,
Find nought to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share.

Oh! happy they who happy make—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for other's sake,
And strive, in all things for the best!

Miscellaneous.

TOM LONG:

OR, INCONVENIENCES OF DISSIPATION.

'Will you trust me until to-morrow for a glass of rum?' inquired the wreck of a man, of a hard-hearted, hard-faced and hard-fisted dealer in the ardent article.

'No Tom; go to your old quarters and try your credit where you spent your money. The sooner you leave my house the better I shall like it, for if you remain here, strangers may conclude that you are one of my customers.

Tom swore a storm of imprecations on the bald head of Boniface, the man who had received hundreds of dollars from his hands, but who now refused to trust him for a single glass of liquor and then directed his misguided feet to a low porter house where he met a motley group of men and women, whose lips, unlike there boots and shoes were water proof.

The crazy old rookery to which he went looked as though it had been shaken from sleepers to shingles with the mania-a-potu. The chimney above the roof, like the customers under it, appeared to be in danger of taking a drop to much.

The plastering fell in cakes from the smoke-stained walls and was pulverised upon the dirty floor by the feet of those who frequented the chamber of death.

Behind the rickety old counter, which was covered with puddles of poison from the glasses and decanters, stood a bullet headed, red-faced, greasy old man, who had grown grey at the bar—a bar where he did not practice law nor the precepts of the gospel.

This old sinner was thoroughly familiar with the black letter literature of the day, knew by heart the geography of the 'five points' and the 'black sea,' was on intimate terms with the bullies and blacklegs who migrate from city to city, knew where stolen goods were secreted, and was not unacquitted with some light fingered gentlemen who stole them. He could utter gentle streams or roaring cataracts of oaths. He could tell more lies and obscene stories than any of his associates. He was skilful in the art of boxing, as many black eyes and bleeding faces could testify. In a word, he was a great villain, accomplished in all the arts of wickedness.

Poor drunken Tom Long had seen better times. His parents were in middling circumstances, and gave him a liberal education. After serving a few years as a clerk in a mercantile house, he commenced business on his own account, and his most sanguine expectations were more than realized. He courted and married a most fashionable and beautiful young lady, and the sunshine of happiness seemed to begolden a sky where there was no clouds to betoken coming storms.—'Thomas Long, Esq.' as he was then called, frequently took his wife to balls and parties, where they unfortunately learned to love wine. Tom became a drunkard, neglected his business, provoked his customers, lost his credit, and was compelled to discontinue business.

Tom, however, obtained employment as a clerk, and continued in that situation until he exhausted the patience of his employer. In spite of the remonstrance of friends, the labors of philanthropists, and the lashes of conscience, he waxed worse and worse, and continued drinking and sinking lower and lower in the ditch of degredation, until there was no hope in his expectation, no faith in his belief, and no penitence in his tears. His unhappy and unfortunate wife took in washing and sewing, and managed to earn enough to supply herself with bread and whisky—for her first love of wine grew into a passion for all sorts of stimulating drinks, and she usually purchased the cheapest. The neighbors looked upon her as a women of doubtful reputation.

Such was the situation and character of Tom and his wife when he visited the lair of loafers to which I have alluded There he found some of his old comrads who treated him until he became quite intoxicated. Drunk as he was, he determined to 'blow sky high, "the man who refused to trust him for a glass of rum. So he turned his face towards the tavern, and reeled along like a man endeavoring to walk on both sides of the street at the same time. It was past midnight when he reached the door he had darkened too frequent for his own welfare.

'Bang! bang! bang!' went his feet and fists against the door.

'Who is there?' inquired the bar-tender, who had just put out the light, and thrown himself in the bunk to rest.

Bang! bang! bang! was the answer.

The landlord hearing the noise, jumped out of the bed and ran down stairs. By the time he reached the bar-room, his man had lit the lamp, and they both walked to the door. When it was opened judge of their surprise and indignation at beholding he fiery face of Tom Long.

'What do you want, you lazy, drunken vagabond?' inquired the indignant landlord.

'Something to drink—my throat is on fire.

'You cannot get a drop here for love nor money, so be off.'

'Give me a glass of rum, or I will split your door into kindling wood!'

'Leave this place immediately, or I will send you to place warmer than the West Indies, was the indignant respouse.

'Trust me for a glass of liquor' As he said these words he pushed forward to enter the bar-room, when the landlord thrust him back with such violence he lost his balance, and fell upon the curb-stone.

The door was shut and bolted, though they had the curiosity to draw the curtain aside, to see if Tom got up and went off or not; but when they saw a stream of blood flowing from his wounded head, and the moveless if not lifeless form of Tom on the sidewalk, they began to fear they might be taken up for manslaughter. At all events, they were determined not to have such a sign in front of the house, and consequently the landlord requested the bar-tender to go out and ascertain whether Tom was dead or alive. The man soon returned with a face pale as a pillow-case, and reported that Tom was dead as a stone.

'Then,' said the liquor seller, 'we must put our wits to work and remove the corpse, or we shall have to swing for it. Do you know where his wife lives?'

'Oh, yes! she does my washing and mending, and I pay her in whiskey.'

'Well, I will put the dead body on your back, and guide you through the dark lane and blind alley that leads to her house, Then you drop him gently on the doorstep, and we will return in another way, in double quick time.'

The journeyman maker of slings and juleps trudged along with his burden, and deposited it according to directions on the doorsteps, with the back against the door As there was a light burning at the window both man and master made no unnecessary delay, but returned to the tavern as speedily as possible

A wretched libertine was at the house of Mrs. Long, and when he heard the noise below, he walked down stairs with a light in one hand to see what occasioned it. Mrs. Long accompanied her miserable visitor, and when the door was opened, the disfigured and bleeding body of poor Tom fell into the hall

'The beast is drunk again, and has been fighting,' remarked the amiable spouse.

'He is as dead as a hammer;' said Ned Blower, the wretch who opened the door, 'and we shall be charged with killing him unless we conceal the corpse.'

'Dead is he? *I* always thought it would come to that?' said the sottish woman, who was too drunk to realize what she said, or what he said to her.

'One or two of my cronies saw me enter this court, and I shall be arrested as a murderer, to morrow, unless I dispose of this dead body. I will wrap it up in an old blanket, and carry it on my shoulders to the Sailors' Home, near the wharf, where Tom has been drinking all day. Mum is the word *Mum* is the word. You must never know anything about the matter. We are innocent of this man's blood, but circumstances are against us.'

Ned was a stout, broad-shouldered man in the prime of life, and he picked up the body and left it at the door of the portes-house. He rapped at the door and then ran as though the black gentleman who keeps the fire office had pursued him.

The greasy old man and several of his guests were in the room playing cards and drinking rum, when they were startled by the loud rap at the door. When it was opened, they recognized Tom whom supposed to be asleep. 'Shake him; awake him and lift him in,' said old fatty. No sooner said than done, but judge their astonishment when they could not make Tom walk, talk, or even drink.

'There has been some foul play in this case,' observed one of the company: 'see that gash on his head and the blood on his face.'

'Why, it is not more than an hour since I treated him to a glass of bitters in this room and now he's gone to Davy Jones' locker,' said an old sailor, who was more than three sheets in the wind.

'I suppose he gave old bald-head at the Eagle Hotel,' a piece of his mind for not trusting him on a glass of grog: and they have had a fight, and he got the worst of it, and came here to get help, but bled to death on the doorstep, and I shall have the credit of putting an end to his life unless a plan can be arranged to get out of this unpleasant predicament,' observed, with a long breath the old man who kept the house. 'Suppose,' continued the old fellow, who was evidently not a little frightened, we take him back to the Eagle and leave him on the stoop.

'And suppose,' said Sam Sharp, who had been a lawyer of some note, but had become a notorious drunkard, 'a police officer should happen to meet you with the corpse, what then?'

'We can induce him to believe we are leading a drunken man home to his family, and we shall be considered philanthropists of the first water.'

'Throw him overboard, and let the fishes have a feast,' said another idiotic, slavering sot, who had until then been a sleepy and silent spectator.

'No, that will never do,' said the keeper of the house. 'This building is so near the wharf I shall be charged with drowning him, and the papers will say he got drunk here and fell into the water. We must take him to the tavern, where he doubtless got his death-blow. Here is a dollar and drinks for to-morrow to any man who will help me lead poor Tom to the Eagle.'

Two or three offered their services; the strongest and most sober man was selected, and they led or rather dragged poor Tom to the hotel, and although they passed a watchman, he was either asleep, or did not deem it his duty be asking impertinent questions. They met with no impediment on the way. After laying the unfortunate body of poor Tom upon the stoop, they knocked at the door and departed in haste.

The landlord who was too much frightened to sleep, heard the bustling and rustling and footsteps about his premises, but his leather-headed servant was sound asleep. He awoke him, however, and the promising couple looked out of the bar-room window, and saw the ghastly body of the man who was, a few years before that time, a polished gentleman, with plenty of means, and then he was a welcome guest, and nothing was too good for him.

'I fear we have been discovered,' said the landlord to his sleepy and stupid man. 'Two men have brought back the corpse we removed just now. I heard a noise and reached the bed-room window in time to see them run away. What can we do to get out of this scrape?'

'Let us join the temperance society.'

'Join the temperance society! you fool. What good will that do now? We must take that body to the graveyard and bury it, or we shall be hanged and no mistake.'

'That's a good thought.'

'Well, can you dig?'

'Yes, but I am afraid that I shall meet a ghost in the grave yard.'

'That's all superstition and ignorance. I tell you there are no such things as ghosts. Come, on with your coat! Go to the stable and get the spade. We must take Tom through the back yard, then climb the fence, then carry him across the garden, and we can reach the graveyard in less than no time.'

Accordingly, off they went with their load. The grave was dug, and whilst they were lowering Tom into it, they saw something at the further end of the graveyard. 'There is a spirit!' shrieked the man; and away he ran as fast as his heels would carry him.

The landlord actually shook in his shoes, when he discovered the light which so terrified his liquor-mixer and bottle-washer, and so he followed his illustrious predecessor without stopping to cover up the dead.

The young medical students, who were in search of a subject for dissection, heard the scampering, and supposed they had frightened away some of their classmates, who were on a similar errand

'Here is a new grave,' said one of the foremost.

'Where is the coffin?' inquired a third.

'I neither know or care,' was the response.

'Here's a subject: put it in the sack and ask no questions, and then you will hear no stories.'

In less than an hour these disturbers of the dead were safely sheltered in a private room with dissecting instruments in their hands. They made the sack disgorge its contents, ripped open the blanket, and to their utter astonishment found a body clad in rags and besmeared with blood!

'Why, some poor wretch has been murdered by a severe blow on the head! He breathes and moves, and opens his eyes!

Tom, who had been stupified by the liquor, and stunned by the fall, and weakened by loss of blood, gradually came to his senses, and raising up his head, inquired:

'Where am I?'

The students soon mustered courage sufficient to talk to their subject—informed him that he was in good hands, but if he desired to go to any particular place they would be glad to give him directions.

'I want to go where I can get a hair of the dog that bit me last night.'

It was now daylight, and the students offered their graveyard booty an opportunity to depart without dissection.

The landlord and the bar-tender at the 'Eagle,' had just taken down the wooden bar and opened the door, when in popped Tom Long! They started back with terror until Tom gave evidence that he was bonafide *flesh* in search of *spirit*, by asking for a glass of rum. When he had swallowed his morning dram, he was invited to wash the dirt and blood from his face and hands, and requested to go home to his family.

Poor Tom complied. When he reached his own home his wife screamed and almost fainted.

'What is the matter?' asked Tom.—Everybody is afraid of me this morning, I won't stay with such an unmannerly set,' and away he went to his old haunt near the wharf.

When he reached that rendezvous for vagrants, pickpockets and drunkards, he was more incensed than before at seeing them start back with open mouths and wondering eyes.

'Why Tom, *I* thought you were dead,' said Sharp.

'What made you think so?' asked the poor victim.

'Why, last night you or your ghost came here and looked like a dead man.—So Jake, big Jake, and greasy Bob dragged you off to the Eagle, where we supposed you had been murdered.

Then Tom's enfeebled memory began to reveal the mystery of the affair. He had some slight recollection of asking for something to drink, and being shoved into the street. A doctor being sent for to dress his wound, he told him that when he awoke in the morning, he found himself in a small room surrounded by men with sharp knives. It was soon noised about how the grave been dug during the night—and thus one ray of light followed another, until the whole matter was revealed to him.

When Tom saw how near he came being drowned or buried alive, he resolved to reform, and keep his resolution unbroken. He obtained a good situation as book-keeper. His father died, and left him a sum of money with which he commenced business. He was quite successful in trade, and is now one of the leading business men in the city where he lives. It is a matter of regret that his wife and most of his comrades died unreformed, but Tom, eloquent Tom, oft in the social meeting relates the story of downfall and subsequent misery, and warns the young and dissipated by his own experience, a brief portion of which we have truthfully described.

YOUNG AMERICA.—Young America cannot wait. It is perpetually screaming, "Progress! Progress!" The course of nature is altogether too slow. Nature is superannuated—a driveler. All that is wise, and prudent, and just, and temperate, and patriotic, and respectable, it calls "fogyism." Shallow, saucy fool-hardy, headstrong, it sees no danger nor avoids it. The disciple of Young America would loose the avalanche from its bed, and leap on it to guide its course down the steep side of the mountain; and the same rocks against which he would be hurled, and which would throw back his mangled and lifeless body to the ground, would echo its wild shouts of triumph. These advocates of progress would plunge into the swift current of Niagara, and wave their hands, delighted, while the rapids were hurrying them to their dreadful fate; and even when borne to the very brink of the torrent, their song of exultation would mingle with the roar of the cataract.

Adventures of a Wooden Leg.

I am one of those unfortunate wights who have found themselves obliged to call on the carpenter for the purpose of mending their mortal frame. I was born complete, as sound as a pumpkin; with a pair of as sturdy limbs as ever kicked. I stumped about merrily on both of them during my youth, never dreaming that I should one day be indebted for the same peripatetical faculty to a stick of wood.

During the last war with Great Britain, I served in our army on the frontier. I was in many battles, but managed throughout the whole of the conflict to keep lead and cold iron out of me. I began to think myself bullet proof—but never was a conjuror more mistaken, as *I* soon found a the battle of Plattsburgh, by the help of a cannon ball, which took off my leg just below the knee. This happened in the beginning of the action, and I fell into the enemy's hands. We got the victory at last, as is well known, and when the British retreated, I was carried by them along with some of their own wounded. I was duly reported by the American returns 'among the missing,' and my friends imagined me dead.

After lying some time in the British hospitals, I was sent to Montreal, where I met with a very ingenious French mechanist, who fitted me with a new limb, so admirably constructed with springs and hinges, that after a short practice, I found myself able to walk with so much dexterity that it passed as a real flesh and bone leg. I was sent home to Boston after the peace, and received by my friends as one risen from the dead. They little imagined, seeing me safe and hearty, that I had one foot in the grave.

Now, though I might have claimed and received a pension for the loss of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter secret—as who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied for his wooden shins, when he can have the credit of owning a pair of real live stumpers. No mortal of my acquaintence suspected that I had a sham leg, and I was resolved to take no pains to divulge the secret, but if *I* got a kick even to scratch where it did not smart.

The pertinacity with which I have stuck to this determination, has led me into the oddest adventures. I was kicked by a horse on my fictitious limb, and to the astonishment of every body, walked home after it, without so much inconvenience as a sprained ancle. I was bitten by a mad dog most furiously in the same place, and every one prophesied that I should die, but I got well of the bite and amazed them all. A cart wheel ran over my foot and jammed it into a cocked hat; every one admired the fortitude with which I bore the pain. While at home one cold day with the doctor, I stepped out mid-leg deep into a puddle of water. The doctor was positive *I* should take cold in consequence of it, and I won a wager of him by not coming off hoarse the next morning, to his utter astonishment.

But this unfeeling limb of mine has sometimes brought me into awkward scrapes. I shall never forget how supremely foolish, I felt one evening, when I had been ridiculing, most unmercifully, a certain foppish, conceited, pragmatical fellow about the town: all this I did in the presence of his two sisters, whom I did not know to be such, and never imagined my friend Walter, who sat next me would let me run on in such a strain without apprising me of the blunder I was committing.

'Why you incomprehensible fellow,' said he to me, as soon as he came away, 'what the vengeance possessed you in talking in that style, when I was treading upon your toe every instant to make you stop?'

Once, indeed, I came very near being detected, and the artifice by which I escaped detection had the strangest effects. Who would believe that the ghost of a wooden leg could break off a match? Or that by saving my limb, I made *Mr.* Beau Babbleton lose his mistress? I will tell the whole story, for it is seldom that a wooden leg has kicked up such a dust.

One very dark evening I was walking homeward through a street where the side-walks were somewhat narrow, and the cellar entrances projected quite out to the curb-stone. One of these happened to be covered with a wooden grating, and in walking over it I trod in the dark on a defective part, and my foot broke through It was my wooden leg, and in my endeavors to extricate it, the unfortunate limb broke loose and fell into the cellar.

Here was a terrible awkward situation for a fine gentleman to be in. There was no getting my leg out of its limbo in the dark, and to apply for help would discover me. Luckily I had my walking stick, and with the help of that, made shift to hobble to my lodgings, where I arrived undiscovered, thanks to the lateness of the hour! But the difficulty was not over. I had lost my leg, and no one could make me such another; or if it could be replaced, the thing could not be effected without a delay of many days, and the story would infalliably get wind. What should I do? I knew the house into which my stray limb had stept, but was not on the right terms with the occupant to trust him with the secret. This was the most unlucky circumstance of all—he was Joe Clackabout, a person with whom I was involved in a quarrel; and was moreover an arrant busy-body. In short, he was no man to entrust with the secret of a sham leg.

At last a thought struck me of a method to get my leg and save my credit, for I saw plainly that my leg must be had immediately, or else the cat would be let out of the bag. I thought of Beau Babbleton, the foppish fellow mentioned above, as a personage on whom I might with some conscience, play the trick of fathering my lost limb—I had got myself into bad odor with his sisters and two or three score of their gossipping female acquaintance, by means of his foppery and the insensibility of my timber toes, and I determined to be revenged upon him by means of the same intractable members. The plan was this—to send by a trusty servant in the name of Beau Babbleton, by which means I should get my limb again without being suspected, and Beau might account for the superfluity of shin bones in his own animal economy as well as he was able.

The plan succeeded to admiration; and much better than I looked for—for I had the luck to see a darkey passing under my window in the morning, and him I sent off with the note. You must judge the surprise and astonishment of *Mr.* and Mrs. Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:

"*Mr.* Babbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout, and requests he will have the goodness to despatch him his leg, by the bearer; it will be found in the cellar. Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr. C.'s cellar door last evening."

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it a hoax, but on sending it to the cellar to examine, the leg was found sure enough, and the breach in the cellar where the misstep had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabout at the discovery of Beau Babbleton's artifice. Who would have thought of it?—they all exclaimed—a tip-top dandy, a buck of the first water, an irresistable creature among the ladies; and yet doing all this with a wooden-leg! Oh! monstrous!

However, after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffy, who passed for Beau Babbleton's servant, as no question was asked, and my stray appendage brought me without any strange discovery being made Now I was Richard himself again, but Beau Babbleton absolutely beside himself. Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same afternoon, and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg. Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

'Not ill, to be sure,' said Mr. C., 'but terribly out of joint.'

'Out of joint! out of joint!, sir!—What do you mean?'

'Oh, I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door; indeed, *I* believe it was sent in good order; truly you walk very well with it—one would never suspect you.'

'Never suspect me! I don't understand you. Pray what do you suspect me of?'

'Of getting the boot on the wrong foot, for you need't think to mystify me!—What! brave it out in this fashion, when you left it in my cellar last night, and I sent it to you this morning?'

'Really, Mr. Clackabout, you talk like a man who has lost his senses.'

Really Mr. Babbleton your affrontry is too much to bear. You will make a lame piece of work of it, and get yourself into hobble. I advise you to show a little more *understanding*.' And with these punning allusions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clackabout walked off.

Poor Babbleton was utterly confounded at being snubbed and brow-beaten in this incomprehensible manner. But this was cakes and gingerbread to what happened afterwards, for the Miss Clackabonts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way; that is, they told it in confidences: and the consequence was, the greatest rout and stir among the *beau monde* that ever was in Boston.

Miss Tiffaffety, whom Beau had engaged to marry, being his seventeenth flame, was so shocked at hearing the intelligence that she called for hartshorn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off, for nobody could persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and a whalebone waist, and a shain leg was a horse of the same color. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill-luck, but he never could endure the sight of anything that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day he sees a person with a hitch in his gait without a sigh.

"COME OUT," exclaimed a ragged unwashed urchin, the other evening, as he stood in front of a groggery, gazing wistfully at his father indulging a glass too much. "Come out, dad!!" he said, and then he looked again with the most melancholy visage, apparently wondering why his simple appeal was not noticed.—And there he stood, poor little fellow, his bare feet on the cold flag-stones, his clothes ragged and dirty, and his face giving evidence that his meals were not regular or of wholesome food. What were the emotions of the child's mind, the reflecting reader may imagine. "Come out," he repeated, but his summons was unheeded. The miserable man was throwing away that which should furnish shoes for his child and sustenance for his family. And like a statue stood the misguided man's offspring, until the tears trickled down his cheek, when he turned away to go, we know not where. How many a "Come out! come out!" is unheeded.—Alas, poor human nature! It will multiply and make itself miserable, and encourage pauperism and the direst misery.. "Come out!' come out!" No man has a right to make a beast of himself while he retains the peculiarities of a biped.

SHOOTING AND SPORTING IN FLORIDA.—A gentleman in this city has placed in our hands a letter from his friend, dated St. Augustine, Florida, March 29, which tells marvellous stories of slaughter among deer, turkeys, partridges, wild cat and other game. Passing up St. John's River, from Pilatka to Enterprise, he joined two hunters, saw hundreds of aligators, and jointly they 'killed at least fifty of them, some of them twelve feet long.' At Enterprise our modern Nimrod picked up another acquaintance, whose house in the woods was further south than that of any settler in East Florida, a man who was in the Florida war, and had shot more Indians, bears, wolves, wild cates and aligators than any man in the State,' The writer went to his new friend's place, found he had five hundred head of cattle, an abundance of venison, poultry, wild turkeys, ducks, partridges and other game, with fresh butter, milk, honey, sweet potatoes, peas, lettuce, tomatoes, etc.; not a bad catalogue. A week's hunting of the twain produced twenty deer, thirty turkies, ond wild cat, two-rattlesnakes, any quantity of ducks and partridges, with three hundred pounds of trout! Before such a record of sport, our old friend Willoughby's laurels fade, and even the African Cummings may tremble for his reputation.—*Com. Adv.*

Punch defines a Court House as a place where a penny's worth of justice is purchased with a shilling's worth of law. There is only one thing less profitable than sueing people, and that is going their security.

A lawyer wrote 'rascal' in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

Sme genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities 'bimeby' that you can go anywhere for nothing, and come back again for half-price.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, 'Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair.' We should think it would stand a pretty smart chance of being combed out.

Queer people for amusement in Greenland—they have a play in which every body pulls his neighbor's nose, and the harder it is drawn upon, the louder the sufferer is expected to laugh. They sit down to bear's meat, and drink a couple quarts of grease.

An Irishman busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store, up town, a few days since, was interrogated as follows: 'I say, Pat, what are you doing there, sweeping out that room?' 'No,' exclaimed Pat, 'I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room.'

The surest way to prevail on a young couple to marry is to oppose them. Tell them you would 'rather see them in their graves,' and twelve months afterward their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

To prevent nails from growing into the flesh, notch them after paring.

A kind benefactor makes one happy as soon as he can, and as much as he can.

The whole number of Militia in Maine is 55,712.

No man is a gentleman who without provocation would treat with incivility the humblest of his species.